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THESE TWO MEN REFIT THE ARMY

Lively Work of Major Fawcett
and Captain Thrall at
Camp Blank.

SPRUCE UP FOR OVERSEAS

Hungry and Ill-Clad Soldiers Well Fed
and Made Spick-and-Span for
the Voyage to Battle
Front in France.

Washington.—Major George W. Fawcett is the camp quartermaster at an American embarkation camp. It is his first business to see that troops going overseas find comfortable, healthful temporary quarters, and have plenty of food. The camp is more than a rest resort for travelers. When it was established less than a year ago incoming troops were warned that they must not rely on getting any of their overseas outfit here. This is so completely changed under Major Fawcett's administration that there is nothing an organization can possibly need which this camp will not supply nearly as fast as the men can be marched up to his warehouses to take the supplies away.

Major Fawcett has a ten-foot square office in an unpainted shack. He sits at a little desk with two clerks, one behind him and the other at his side. A telephone receiver is strapped over his head all the time. The officers requiring supplies for the present and future who come into this camp make mistakes, big and little, but not one of them has ever got anything worse than an amused or an astonished grin from the camp quartermaster. "It is easier and quicker to give a man what you know he wants," the major says, "than to waste your time, his, and the government's, by quarreling with him because he has not put his needs in proper shape."

Makes It Easy for Them. Army regulations require particular printed formulas for requisitions, prepared with scrupulous attention to small details. Major Fawcett has taught his men to accept any scribbled memorandum on the back of an envelope or a bit of wrapping paper, tell the applicant for supplies to come back in half an hour, and then, when he returns, hand to him a perfectly arranged form of requisition, stating all his needs with military exactness, and at the same time directing him to a storehouse where his supply is already waiting.

The interior traffic of the camp has increased until 100 big motortrucks are tearing through the streets from dawn until dark, and half of them work far into the night. The more the camp speeds up the more troops Major Fawcett invites the war department to send through the camp. The ideal of seeing to it that no man crosses the seas for service with clothing and equipment which is not new, or as good as new, has just about been reached. Troops are detrained from the interior in dusty, faded clothing, patched and pulled out of shape, and go onto their ships in an incredibly short time dressed up like a show window display.

His lieutenants in charge of money disbursements, subsistence, construction, transportation, and reclamation are at his door with brand-new complications every few minutes. Bewildered supply officers, who have come to the camp without the slightest idea of what is expected of them (and who would have resigned before coming had they known) appear at his door looking scared; they listen for a few minutes to the general run of his telephone conversation, forget their fears, answer his questions with a promptness and a definiteness which seem to surprise the men themselves, and go out with their heads up, smiling confidently, and accomplish changes and re fittings and substitutions such as they had never dreamed of.

Work Well Divided. The work under Major Fawcett subdivided itself naturally so that no disproportionate burden falls on any one department, with one exception. For accounting purposes it is absolutely necessary that one man should have charge of what, in quartermaster language, is called "property." He must sign every invoice and assume responsibility for it financially. This job under Major Fawcett is that of Capt. C. E. Thrall, Q. M. R. C. Captain Thrall has counted it a big night when he has had more than four hours' sleep since the war started.

Captain Thrall has never been caught rattled. He appears now and then, but laughs at himself when he swears and he never lets anybody else get rattled. Captain Thrall is a much more tired looking man than he was a year ago—but like his chief he has found that the best way to keep men moving is to meet ignorance and stupidity alike with a friendly grin and straighten them out as they go along.

Major Fawcett left the regular army 17 years ago and was for many years purchasing agent for the Philippine constabulary. Captain Thrall came from the ranks of the regular army.

Beggar Had \$500. Memphis, Tenn.—John Johnston, a professional beggar, cursed a white woman when she refused to buy a pencil from him. He was arrested. At the city jail when he was searched \$500 in currency was found in his clothes.

ICE CREAM SODAS FOR BOYS IN FRANCE

Y. M. C. A. Orders Fruit Flavors
for One Million Summer
Drinks.

One million ice cream sodas. A-ah! Sufficient to cool the throats of a flock of giraffes—ice cold, fizzy, flavored with "strawberry," "rasberry," "cherry," "peach or pineapple."

Can't! They may not seem so imposing here, with soda fountains on every important business corner, but—oh, boy! won't they be simple packages of heaven to the American boys over in the war zone? Over there where, if reports be true, drug stores, masquerading as chemists' shops, try to get by with nothing but drugs.

France's pet drinks, champagne and red wine, are going to turn an abstinence green with jealousy this summer when the great American drink begins fazing along the battle front and going over the top of the glasses. And the assurance of at least a million fruit-flavored drinks as a starter is found in the cabled order just received by C. V. Hibbard, general secretary of the overseas department of the Y. M. C. A. war work council, from the organization's official in France. The message follows:

"Send quickly concentrated fruit syrups for one million summer drinks." And the Y. M. C. A. war work council has a way of sending quickly anything ordered sent quickly. So it is a sure thing that when the heat begins to give the American soldier boys an awful thirst, they will turn gratefully from the trenches to the "Y" hut where they received hot chocolate last winter, and there they will clamor for a "strawberry," or a "rasberry sody."

Possibly to assure plenty of foam, the same cablegram ordered the war work council to send one ton of shaving soap, while the other creature comforts for soldiers, among the items required, were four American pool tables, ten tons chocolate bars, ten tons granulated sugar, ten tons flour, ten tons assorted cigarettes and five tons smoking tobacco.

GIRLS TO RAISE PIGS

There Are 500 Young People Enrolled
in Contest.

Seven girls will raise thoroughbred pigs this year in Tuscarawas county, O., to compete in state and county contests. Five hundred boys and girls are enrolled in corn, pig, poultry, clothing and food clubs under the supervision of Miss Minnie Porter, county leader of boys' and girls' club work.

Poultry raisers already have set 3,750 purebred eggs for hatching. The seven girls who will raise pigs are Thelma Shoemaker of Tuscarawas, Phyllis Hoopengartner and Grace McCullough of Winfield, Margaret Schlemmer of Strasburg, Mary Streeb and Mary Lester of Farrell and Zella Wiegand of Sugar creek township.

These girls will try to bring the pig raising championship of the state to this county. Two years ago the champion pig grower in Ohio was a girl. It was said her success was due to the fact that she gave her pig a bath once a week.

HUNTERS DISCOVER LAKE

It Was in Their County but They
Never Heard of It.

The Salina Gun club has found a large lake near Salina, Kan., for the fall and spring hunting seasons, and has leased the property for a term of years as a private reserve.

The lake is in the southern part of the county, and many of the old-time hunters never knew of its existence until this spring. The lake covers 30 acres, and when it has been improved, including a large dam, the surface covered with water will be about 40 acres. On one side of the lake there is a sandy beach with the water running from shallow to deep water and it may be made a bathing place.

It is also filled with fish of several varieties. Lumber is now being shipped to the place for a house which will be erected at once. The Gun club will have the exclusive use of the property.

WESLEY IS FIGHTING MAD

Because He Was Rejected by Marines
on Account of Defective Teeth.

John Paul Wesley, a patriotic young man of St. Paul, Minn., is mad. In fact he is not only fighting mad, but greatly disappointed.

The cause for John Paul's sad anger and disappointment is that he was rejected for the U. S. marine corps because of defective teeth.

"Sherman said war is hell," stormed John Paul, "but I think your examination is even worse. Just because I'm not able to bite the Kaiser, I'm rejected. What do you want me to do, kill 'em and then eat 'em too?"

"Sorry, old man," said Sgt. Frank Buck. "Go see a dentist and then come back. Maybe there'll be a chance then."

Stop Combination Sales. "Combination sales" are forbidden under a new ruling of the Massachusetts food administration. "Combination sales" are, according to the definition of the food administration, any sales of two or more commodities, of different kinds or sizes, at a price effective only if they are bought at the same time.

FEED REFUGEES ON FRENCH TRAIN

American Red Cross in Paris
Quickly Answers Emergency Call.

HOMELESS LAUGH AND JOKE

No Bitterness, No Complaint, No Despair Among People, Many of Whom Were Refugees for Second and Third Time.

Paris.—"A thousand refugees from the east of Amiens will pass through Acheres at seven o'clock tonight. They will not have had any supper, some of them may not have had any lunch. There is no food there and no facilities for feeding them. Can you help us?"

That was the telephone message from the French minister of the interior which came to the American Red Cross at noon one day during the German drive on Amiens, and the answer was "Yes. Emergency messages are no surprise to us these days." The food was ordered out of the warehouses and a score of volunteers rounded up.

They started at six o'clock the same evening. One five-ton truck loaded with tinned beef and condensed milk, figs, prunes, chocolate and heaps of huge loaves of war bread; two carloads of midnight volunteers, stenographers, bureau chiefs, drivers and canteen workers set out on their way to bring help to the homeless refugees.

They rolled out through the residential district of Paris, out past the fortifications, bumped through grimy factory suburbs and on into the open country where the level plains stretch off into infinite distance, broken only by interminable rows of slim poplars.

Then suddenly without warning, there emerged from the forest into a black smudge of railway tracks, cinders, flat-cars, passenger cars, sheds, platforms, warehouses, cranes—Acheres. It was the junction point, where the thousands of refugees were to stop for half an hour.

Saluted With One Arm. Lieutenant M— met us there, saluted stiffly with his one arm, and did the honors of the station. A group of weary, muddy "perambulateurs," most of them over forty, just back from the Champagne front, were routed out to help us establish our tables on the cinders between the tracks, and pile the food where it could conveniently be passed into the train.

They unloaded bread, scraped cheese, opened tins of "bully beef," knocked the tops off the boxes of figs and prunes and made plans to feed a thousand people in half an hour. But somewhere off in the silent country the train, packed full of exiles, was standing on a side track. It was after two in the morning when the long train with its 28 carriages filled with refugees came into Acheres.

A few windows were opened; tired faces looked out and voices asked, uninterestedly, "Where are we?" and were surprised to be told that they were near Paris. The train was on its way, they said to Tulle in the Correze department, in the south of France.

"Will they treat us well there?" an old woman asked and they, in the fullness of their ignorance, not daring to say otherwise, answered "Yes."

It was a short half hour. They carried them bread, they filled the old woman's apron with figs and prunes, they gave milk to the children, meat to the old men, cheese to everybody. They absorbed cakes of sweet chocolate in a rapid and mysterious manner. Some of them were the much beloved petticoated women of Picardy and some were grizzled old farmers. Others were city folk, obviously not used to third class travel. There were families of three generations huddled together on their way—somewhere. Some clutched precious umbrellas, some carried bird cages, some alarm clocks. Some of them had dogs, some had cats. But the pathos of it all was not on the surface. Some of them quietly told that they were refugees for the second and third time and laughed and joked when they woke up. There was no bitterness, no complaint, no despair.

Bread Pile Fell Away. The huge pile of bread fell away the fig boxes were emptied, the tin were all handed into the trains. The engine shrieked a shrill French whistle and the train pulled away. The refugees were in the silence of the night. One of many thousands of refugees had had one dreary midnight meal far from home—one lonely meal out of hundreds, perhaps thousands before them.

A train load of wounded from the front joggled in ten minutes later. The men nurses carried water through the carriages, swiftly and silently. Then the Americans handed out the remnants of their stores of figs and the train slipped away again. Behind them could be heard the dull booming of the barrage guns about Paris, and the visitors knew that another air raid was on. They waited until the barrage stopped, then they headed back through the defenses of the capital. There was a faint light as they rode back through the forest. They could see clumps of yellow daffodils utter a oblivious of war.

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